

Grand Moon Light FESTIVAL.

**At STROLES Grove 1-4 Mile N. W. of
New Goshen THURSDAY NIGHT JULY. 10 84.**

Baskets containing 2 Suppers will be sold for 25c
each basket will contain the name of some lady
who the purchaser is expected to Invite to eat
with him.

Refreshments will be sold on the grounds.

COME and spend a pleasant evening with us and
help a good CAUSE by order.

H. M. SHORES. MARCUS, DYER.
Geo ACORD. Geo HOLLINSGWORTH & COM

P. S. at the close of the festival all Lanterns cake
cream, & c. will be sold at auction.

NEW GOSHEN IND

ESTATE

At STROLER'S GROCERY & MILK W.
A. B. JULY 10, 1881

Dogne Koonee Garst

5525 N. Fresno St.

Fresno - Ca 93710

daughter Borter L. Koonee

grand daughter

John & Eliza Rhyon Koonee

IND

NEW GOSHEN

Indiana - Indiana Day
Holidays, etc.

INDIANA ROOM

PAMPHLET FILE

INDIANA DAY

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

REFERENCE
DO NOT CIRCULATE

A birthday anniversary is always an event of importance in the life of any one. It should be a much more important event in the life of a state. On the 11th day of December, 1816, the State of Indiana was admitted to the Union and the new State at once became the mecca for those who desired a chance in life. Since admission Indiana has taken front rank in the industrial and political life of the nation. Her sons and daughters have brought her renown in all lines of human activity. It is entirely proper that we should stop to emphasize the place in our national life that Indiana occupies.

HARRY G. LESLIE, Governor

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THE HISTORICAL BUREAU
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STATE HOUSE, INDIANAPOLIS

PRICE 10 CENTS

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From *Constitution Making in Indiana*, by Charles Kettleborough,
Volume I, pp. 65-66, Indiana Historical Commission, 1916

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THE UNION OF THE STATES

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

DANIEL WEBSTER

FOUR CHAPTERS IN INDIANA'S HISTORY

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

LA SALLE AT SOUTH BEND

December 3-5, 1679

La Salle, in his first trip into the Mississippi Valley for the purpose of occupying it and for the development of the fur trade, crossed the portage from the St. Joseph River, where South Bend now stands, to the Kankakee on December 5, 1679. Thus 1929 marks the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of the recorded history of our race in Indiana. For a century the region that is now Indiana lay under French influence: they planted settlements at Miamitown (Fort Wayne), Ouiatenon (near Lafayette) and Vincennes. The last named is the oldest city with continuous existence in the state. Of Cavalier de La Salle, the man who first opened Indiana to civilization, it has well been said:

To estimate aright the marvels of his patient fortitude, one must follow on his track through the vast scene of his interminable journeyings,—those thousands of weary miles of forest, marsh, and river, where, again and again, in the bitterness of baffled striving, the untiring pilgrim pushed onward towards the goal which he was never to attain. America owes him an enduring memory; for in his masculine figure she sees the pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK AT VINCENNES

February 23-25, 1779

The capture of Fort Sackville at Vincennes by George Rogers Clark meant that the West was to belong to the United States, just as the surrender of Cornwallis to George Washington at Yorktown two and a half years later meant that the United States had won their independence.

Much credit belongs to Clark's men, but most belongs to their leader. The boldness of his plan and the resolute skill with which he followed it out, his perseverance through intense hardships of the midwinter march, the address with which he kept the French and Indians neutral and the masterful way in which he controlled his own troops, together with the ability and courage he displayed in the actual attack, combined to make this the most memorable of all the deeds done west of the Alleghenies in the Revolutionary war. It was likewise the most important in its result, for had he been defeated we would not only have lost Illinois, but in all probability Kentucky, also. He was the sole originator of the plan for the conquest of the northwestern lands, and, almost unaided, he executed his own scheme. Alone, and with the very slenderest means, he had conquered and held a vast and beautiful region, which, but for him, would have formed a part of a foreign and hostile empire; he clothed and paid his soldiers with the spoils of the enemies; he had spent his own fortune as carelessly as he had risked his life.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN INDIANA

1816-1830

Thomas Lincoln brought his family to Spencer County, Indiana, in the fall of 1816, about two months before the state was admitted into the Union. His son Abraham was then a boy of seven. The first winter was spent in a "half-faced camp," the thirteen following years in a log cabin. The mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln died, October 5, 1818, and was buried at the top of the beautiful knoll across from the rise of ground where the cabin stood. On December 2, 1819, Thomas Lincoln married Sarah Bush Johnson, who became a second mother to the young Abe. In March 1830 the family moved away to Illinois. Abraham was then full grown, his habits formed, his political faith permanently fixed in the principles of the Declaration of Independence, assured of leadership among his fellows.

For him her Old-World moulds aside she [Nature] threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

TWENTIETH CENTURY

PARTICIPATION IN THE WORLD WAR

1917-18

Indiana gave 146,332 men to the land and sea forces of the United States.

Of these, 3,354 gave their lives in the service of their country.

The Indiana World War Memorial is inscribed:

To commemorate the valor and sacrifice of members of the land, sea, and air forces of the United States and all others who rendered faithful and loyal service at home and overseas in the World War; to inculcate a true understanding and appreciation of the privileges of American citizenship; to inspire patriotism and respect for the laws to the end that peace and good will may prevail, justice be administered, public order maintained, and liberty perpetuated.

A LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

In the census of 1900, 1910 and 1920 the center of population of the United States was located within the State of Indiana.

Railroad systems, far reaching electric interurbans, national highways, rapidly developing air-ways, harbors on Lake Michigan, the Ohio River along the entire southern boundary, all bring within the state "the crossroads of the nation."

In 1927 the product of agriculture in Indiana, now much more diversified than formerly, was estimated at \$440,000,000; the value of manufactures was estimated at \$2,150,000,000.

The high position in the professions, in art and letters attained by many sons and daughters of Indiana bears witness to the abundance of opportunity afforded here for brains and character.

INDIANA STATE SONG

On The Banks Of The Wabash, Far Away

Words and Music by
PAUL DRESSER

Andante expressivo



Round my In - di - an - a home - stead wave the corn - field, In the
Ma - ny years have passed since I strolled by the riv - er, Arm in



dis - tance loom the wood - lands clear and cool. Of - ten
arm with sweet - heart Ma - ry by my side. It was



Words and Music by Permission of the Owners of the Copyright, Paull-Pioneer Music Company, New York.



times my thoughts re-vert to scenes of child-hood, Where I first re-ceived my les-sons, na-ture's
there I tried to tell her that I loved her, It was there I begged of her to be my



school. But one thing there is mis-sing in the pic-ture, With-
bride. Long years have passed since I strolled thro' the church-yard, She's



-out her face it seems so in-com-plete. I long to see my moth - er in the
sleep-ing there my an - gel Ma - ry, dear. I loved her but she thought I did - n't



door-way, As she stood there years a - go, her boy to greet!
mean it, Still I'd give my fu - ture were she on - ly here.



REFRAIN

Oh, the moon - light's fair to-night a - long the Wa - bash, From the

fields there comes the breath of new mown hay. Thro' the

syc - a - mores the can - dle lights are gleam - ing, On the

banks of the Wa - bash, far a - way.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the second staff for the alto or tenor, the third for the bass, and the bottom staff for the piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *mp* (mezzo-piano) and various harmonic changes indicated by key signatures and chord symbols. The vocal parts feature eighth-note patterns and some sixteenth-note figures. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the piano providing harmonic support throughout.

INDIANA

Sarah T. Bolton

(In Part)

Though many laud Italia's clime,
And call Helvetia's land sublime,
Tell Gallia's praise in prose and rhyme,
And worship old Hispania;
The winds of Heaven never fanned,
The circling sunlight never spanned
The borders of a better land
Than our own Indiana.

• • • •
But even while our hearts rejoice
In the dear home-land of our choice,
We should, with one united voice,
Give thanks, and sing Hosanna
To Him whose love and bounteous grace
Gave to the people of our race
A freehold, an abiding place,
In fertile Indiana.

AIN'T GOD GOOD TO INDIANA?

William Herschell

(In Part)

Ain't God good to Indiana?
Folks, a feller never knows
Just how close he is to Eden
Till, sometime, he ups an' goes
Seekin' fairer, greener pastures
Than he has right here at home,
Where there's sunshine in th' clover
An' there's honey in th' comb:
Where th' ripples on th' river
Kind o' chuckle as they flow—
Ain't God good to Indiana?
Ain't He, fellers? Ain't he though?

Ain't God good to Indiana?
Other spots may look as fair,
But they lack th' soothin' somethin'
In th' Hoosier sky and air.
They don't have that snug-up feelin'
Like a mother gives a child:
They don't soothe you, soul an' body,
With their breezes soft an' mild.
They don't know th' joys o' Heaven
Have their birthplace here below;
Ain't God good to Indiana?
Ain't He, fellers? Ain't he though?

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

James Whitcomb Riley

(In Part)

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallyloyer as he tiptoes on the fence:
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kind o' harty-like about the atmosfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airy autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yellor heaps;
And your cider-makin' s over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and saussage, too! . . .
I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they'd called around on me—
I'd want to 'commode 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

From *Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*, Copyright, 1913
By courtesy of The Bobbs-Merrill Company

W.C. Langdon

Hymn to Indiana

Charles D. Campbell

M.M. $J = 75$
Broad and with emphasis

To Heaven raise thy star-crowned head Su - perb In - di - a - na! Thy
 fu - ture to glo - ry wed Through toil! Praise God! Ho san na! A -
 risel Stand! Strivel Thy faith re - - - vive! With
 cour - age and de - - ci - - sion Press on-ward toward thy vi - - sion! A

rise! Firm! True! Thy strength re - - - new! God
 pro - - sper thy ga - ges To serve the com - ing a - - - ges! To
 Heaven raise thy star-crowned head. Su -- perb In - di - a - na! Thy
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Fine

INDIANA DAY

DECEMBER ELEVENTH



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Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
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(8)

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And call Helvetia's land sublime,
Tell Gallia's praise in prose and rhyme,
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The circling sunlight never spanned
The borders of a better land
Than our own Indiana.

But even while our hearts rejoice
In the dear home-land of our choice,
We should, with one united voice,
Give thanks, and sing Hosanna
To Him whose love and bounteous grace
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Kind o' chuckle as they flow—
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Ain't He, fellers? Ain't he though?

Ain't God good to Indiana?
Other spots may look as fair,
But they lack th' soothin' somethin'
In th' Hoosier sky and air.
They don't have that snug-up feelin'
Like a mother gives a child:
They don't soothe you, soul an' body,
With their breezes soft an' mild.
They don't know th' joys o' Heaven
Have their birthplace here below;
Ain't God good to Indiana?
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I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be
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W^m C Langdon

Hymn to Indiana

Charles D.Campbell

M.M. $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{75}{75}$
Broad and with emphasis

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fu - ture to glo - ry wed Through toil! Praise God! Ho san na! A -
rise! Stand! Strive! Thy faith re - - - vive! With
cour - age and de - - ci - - sion Press on - ward toward thy vi - - sion! A -

rise! Firm! True! Thy strength re - - - new! God
pro - - sper thy ga - ges To serve the com - ing a - - - ges! To
Heaven raise thy star-crowned head. Su - perb In - di - a - na! Thy
fu - ture to glo - ry wed Through toil! Praise God! Ho - san - na!
Fine

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